

MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VOL. XX.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1852.

NO. 5.



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

WHOLESALE SLANDER.

DEPOPULATION OF THE LOWER PART OF MAINE.

Ten years ago, the town of Houlton, Me., the county seat of Aroostook county, in the extreme north eastern section of the state, was in a very thriving condition. The village, situated in the midst of vast forests, was very pleasant and flourishing. There are stores, taverns, one or two churches, and a school. Several hundred United States troops were stationed there, and all was life and activity. But recently, since the settlement of the North Eastern Boundary question, the quiet ensuing the withdrawal of those troops, the decline of the lumbering business, and the failure of the crops for several successive seasons, the town is dying out, and may now be said to be dead. The churches are closed; and almost everybody is moving away.

What is true of Houlton, is also true of all the towns in the country. The region is too far north for corn, and for the wheat and potatoes they raise, there is no market, and though a good farm may be had for \$150, the whole country is likely to become depopulated.

We cut the above from the Exeter News Letter. It is not editorial, and we doubt whether the editor is guilty of selecting it. If he did, he could not have exercised his usual judgment and discrimination in such things. But no matter where it came from, it is not true; and the circulation of such wholesale slanders is injurious, not only to the people slandered, but to the community who are led into error by reading them.

It is true that the withdrawal of the United States troops from Hancock Barracks, in Houlton, diminished in some degree the music (if we may so call it) of the place. Soldiers are prodigal of their earnings, and, of course, wherever stationed make business or trade more lively, according to their numbers. They are an unproductive and consuming class of the community, and therefore cause a call for articles of food, clothing, and other products of the farm and the mechanic's shop. Beyond this their presence is of no use, in a business point of view, and in a moral point, many believe their influence and example is worse than useless.

On a recent visit to Houlton and vicinity, we found as much activity of business—as much evidence of progressive prosperity—as much thrift, comfort and competency, as can be found on an average in any section of the State. The academy and schools were in operation. The churches were not closed—the stores were full of goods, and had plenty of customers—the mechanics were industriously plying their trades—the farmers were rejoicing in as good crops as could be found anywhere in Maine. Peace and health prevailed in their borders, and the boys and girls were enjoying the innocent festivities of life with all the zest and glaze characteristic of the young.

Now what under heaven does a rational man want more than all this? And yet this writer declares that the town is "dying out, and may now be said to be dead,"—and that "everybody is moving away,"—and that this state of things is "true of all the towns in the country." Now, if this is the case, it is a fact that the "California fever" has drawn many away from that section to the "Eldorado" of the Pacific; but notwithstanding this, Houlton, with the exception of the soldiers who were ordered away, has held its own, and the county has gained 3250 since the last enumeration was made. A country that, after supplying a large draft to the California army of volunteers, can show so respectable a gain as this, can be in no particular danger of becoming "depopulated." Charity compels us to suppose that the man who made the assertion copied into the News Letter, was lost in the fog, or suffering an attack of the nightmare.

EXCELLENT WINTER PEARS.

Accompanying the following kind and familiar letter were some fine specimens of winter pears. The varieties were of the "Vicar of Winkfield," and the "D'Arenberg." Although they arrived at a time when the thermometer indicated a temperature without of between 20 and 30 degrees below zero, and old Boreas made every one who ventured into his presence, shiver the Greenland jig, they were so carefully packed and protected that they were not touched by the frost in the least. Friend Johnston not only raises good fruit himself, but is willing to tell others how they can do it, too. His example and practical advice is of great value. Read it, and "go and do likewise."

Mr. Editor.—Will you indulge me a few moments with a bit of "gossip" concerning horticultural matters; and accept, at the same time, a few specimens of the winter pear, grown the last season on young dwarfes. None but those who have seen them can have an idea of their superb appearance, in the fall months, absolutely laden and covered with fine fruit of the very largest size—their lower limbs sweeping the ground, and their top branches secured together with bands of wisples, lest they be torn in pieces by the heavy winds of autumn. I have sixty of these dwarf standard pear trees, not all of them yet in bearing, however. They are all grafted upon the Anger's quince stock, with very short trunks, say one foot or eighteen inches in length only. They begin to branch at this point, and are suffered to grow as they will, with only sufficient pruning to balance their tops and keep them in good shape. They will generally not grow over ten feet in height, but thicken up and are filled, literally, with fruit spurs. I prefer this form of pear tree to all others, for divers good reasons. The wind has but little effect upon them when once established. The tops shield the trunks from the scorching sun, averting the blight and rendering the bark green and thrifty.

With a pair of short steps, three feet high and

made very light, or even a common chair, the fruit can be all culled,—rejecting any that may be small, or ill grown or wormy,—saving only the very best. Insects, caterpillars, and all that tribe of vermin, are easily exterminated. In short, they are a continual source of enjoyment from the time of their bloom until their fruit is gathered. They may be set six or eight feet apart, in rows eight or ten feet apart. A quarter of an acre of good land will amply accommodate 160 trees. The first year after setting, they would yield perhaps two bushels; the second year, ten; third year, thirty; and the fourth year, eighty bushels, at least, of most excellent fruit. The fruit will never bring less than five dollars per bushel, and it is seldom that the price reaches so low a point.

The above estimate is far within the truth. One bushel of the finest fruit per tree, they will certainly bear, if cultivated with common care, after they have been set four years. The specimens of the "Vicar of Winkfield," or "Clon," or "Monsieur La Cure," (as the tree is variously called in different countries,) herewith sent you, were taken from a tree, four years set out, nine feet high. This tree branches one foot from the ground, and it bore, this last year, one large bushel of fruit. You can easily imagine how the tree looked, laden with such fruit as you have now before you. I know they are accounted but second best for the table, but I know, too, that you will look in vain for them in Boston now, at five or even eight dollars per bushel. They prefer to ripen them and then take one shilling each fruit. I know exactly how they are valued there, and have paid some shillings for the information.

The other specimens sent, are the "Beurre d'Arenberg," a noble fruit in every particular. These specimens are a trifle shrunk, because they have been kept too dry, and not sufficiently closed from the air; but you will overlook that when you cut them. Some few dwarfes I have, which are trained in pyramidal form; they look like a young fir tree in shape, with limbs from the ground tapering conically to a point. There are but few trees, however, that are sufficiently trained in branches to admit of this mode of training, without great care and patience. I prefer the dwarf standards, named above.

I raised a beautiful crop of Isabella grapes the last year, and my belief that they can be grown to advantage in this State is strengthened from year to year; in fact, fully confirmed. I gathered from my grape vine, on the first day of November last, 411 bunches, measuring three bushels, and weighing 165 pounds. My friends and neighbors will bear witness that they were perfectly ripe and excellent every way. My friend Goodale, of Saco, writes me, that never but once has he eaten such grapes, and that once was in a lady's garden on the Hudson. He remarks that the season is longer there; indeed it is—about seven weeks on the whole; and a lady's vine, too, trained, no doubt, with finest hands, and most exact skill. To be beaten by the ladies, in horticultural skill, is an honor I covet. Good bless 'em all, I say; and may every lady in Maine be blessed in her horticultural products. Oh, the farmers saved the health; the calm content; the—I may write again. Good bye.

A. J. Ja.

Wiscasset, Jan. 10, 1852.

For the Maine Farmer.

PHOSPHATE OF LIME.—No. 3.

Mr. Editor.—Your replies to the questions in my last number are very satisfactory, but I want to know more about the action of phosphate of lime in Maine. The wonderful improvement in the crops of the season is longer there; indeed it is—about seven weeks on the whole; and a lady's vine, too, trained, no doubt, with finest hands, and most exact skill. To be beaten by the ladies, in horticultural skill, is an honor I covet. Good bless 'em all, I say; and may every lady in Maine be blessed in her horticultural products. Oh, the farmers saved the health; the calm content; the—I may write again. Good bye.

Mr. Editor.—Several of your subscribers have told us of their success in raising and fattening pigs—on one writer giving, at the same time, an account of the profit, or rather what the pork cost by the pound. If agreeable, I will give you an account of the profits derived the last season from two cows and three heifers—two of which were four years old, the other two years old. Two calves sold at about a week old, at one dollar each, and

Two calves, sold at \$4.25, each, 8 50
One heifer calf raised, which I value at 8 00
Sold the proprietor of the U. S. Hotel, 90 33
Eighteen lbs. butter, sold in small parcels, to others, 3 00
Cheese sold, 10 40
Total, \$121 32

Then we must notice the amount of butter, cheese, milk and cream, consumed in a family of five persons, together with a hired man, for one-half of the time, through the summer. This will suppose to be equal to the yield of the two years old heifer and one of the others. If so, then we have a profit of one hundred thirty-one dollars and thirty-two cents from three cows, and one of them only four years old. This will give a fraction over forty-three dollars per cow, to say nothing of the milk, butter, and cheese, known to be valuable as food for swine.

One of my cows and two of the heifers are a cross of the Durham short horn and native breeds, and the others I suppose to be pure natives.

My rule is, in winter, to give the cows as much good English hay as they "will eat up clean," salt, a plenty of good water and warm shelter. In summer, a good pasture, careful not to overstock; and the benefit of early fall feed, whatever may be said to the contrary.

You will see, by the above statement, that I received only 101 cents, per lb., for my butter.

This was owing, in part, to the crowded state of the market at the time. Had I received 20 cents per lb., the profit, per cow, would have been something over fifty dollars.

In conclusion, I will merely say that I have as yet made but little progress in improvements, nor would it be the part of wisdom to promise too much; but perseverance in a good cause will result in rather laudable.

JOHN E. ROLFE.
Rumford, January, 1852.

ply any manure to his land with his eyes shut, or blindfolded.

A GLENBURN FARMER.

REMARKS. Our friend of Glenburn seems to be somewhat in the fog yet, in regard to the difference between the plaster of Paris and phosphate of lime. He observes,—"Bones and sulphuric acid combined form plaster of Paris, and nothing else." Now it is true that the sulphuric acid uniting with a portion (and a small portion, too,) of the bone, forms "plaster of Paris, and nothing else"—but you must remember that the whole bone is not converted into plaster of Paris, but that, after the action of sulphuric acid, it becomes a compound of plaster of Paris and phosphate of lime. Plaster of Paris and phosphate of lime look alike to the eye, but they are, in fact, as different as "chalk is from cheese."

Suppose our friend should take a hundred pounds of bones, and should analyze them, or separate it into its component parts, he will find that 51 lbs. of the mass are solid cartilage, gelatine and oil; 37 lbs. and 7 tenths is phosphate of lime; 10 lbs. are carbonate of lime; 1 lb. and 3 tenths are phosphate of magnesia.

Now, it is only the 10 lbs. or a little more, of the bone, out of the 100 lbs., that form the plaster of Paris, while the 37 lbs. and 7 tenths of the phosphate of lime is mixed in with it.

Prof. Johnston says that dry bones contain about two-thirds their weight of earthy matter, the other third consisting chiefly of animal matter, resembling glue. Of the earthy matter five-sixths consist of phosphate of lime and magnesia, and the rest chiefly of carbonate of lime. According to this, a gross ton of bone dust will contain 746 lbs. of animal matter, 1215 lbs. phosphate of lime, and 249 lbs. carbonate of lime.

If a ton of fresh bones be burnt, it will yield 6 or 7 cwt. of bone ash—the other ingredients being driven off by the heat, and consequently there is a great waste occasioned thereby.

We should be pleased if our friend would amuse himself by separating, chemically, the phosphate of lime from bones. It will require no particular apparatus more than what he can find in his cupboard to do it. It may be done in this way: First, take a bone—Mrs. Glass, in her domestic cookery, says, in order to cook a fish, you must first catch a fish—so we say, in order to cook a bone, first take a bone and burn it, and pulverize it to powder; take a certain part of it, say an ounce, then take two parts, that is, two ounces, of good muriatic acid, (you can get it at the "shoemaker's" shop), and add to it two ounces of water. Into this put your ounce of bone powder, and let it stand 12 or 24 hours. Strain this off, and to the liquor add, by degrees, liquid ammonia: a powder or precipitate, as it is called, will fall down. Separate this from the liquid and dry it. Shake it up with water in order to wash it and deprive it of any excess of acid that may remain, and wash it again. This is the variable phosphate of lime; and if successful in the experiment, our friend will then have it in his hand, and can compare it with the plaster of Paris and see the difference.

We agree with him in regard to the amount of plaster of Paris to be used to the acre. Two bushels have been found a sufficient dressing (in one season at least) for an acre.

We also agree with him as it regards the indefinite expression used in the enumeration of the ingredients of the soil in Baltimore, viz., water and organic matter—it might have been nearly all water, or nearly all organic matter—it is too vague.

We would say to him, as we do to all, "Keep moving,"—keep improving—"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Lo.

* This is the precipitated sulphate of lime that is now making some noise as a cure for consumption—being taken combined with cod liver oil. We know nothing, however, of its efficacy in this disease.

For the Farmer.

PROFITS OF A SMALL DAIRY.

Mr. Editor.—Several of your subscribers have told us of their success in raising and fattening pigs—on one writer giving, at the same time, an account of the profit, or rather what the pork cost by the pound. If agreeable, I will give you an account of the profits derived the last season from two cows and three heifers—two of which were four years old, the other two years old. Two calves sold at about a week old, at one dollar each, and

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JOHN E. ROLFE.
Rumford, January, 1852.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE LOCATION AND CONSTRUCTION OF BARN.

This subject is one of the most important connected with the management of the farm; and one which receives, in most cases, apparently the least attention. Without a properly constructed barn, a large amount of labor and fodder are annually thrown away—just as much as though the fodder had been thrown into the Kennebec, and the labor had been expended in a fruitless endeavor to bail out this noble stream.

Perhaps the best arrangement for a barn has never been suggested, with respect to the location and construction. I would not venture to affirm as much. Doubtless, too, there will be differences of opinion among those who have studied the subject most thoroughly. Other differences will inevitably arise, owing to the difference in the localities which the barns may occupy.

But, with your permission, I shall venture to give "mine opinion," upon the subject, not because I have the presumption to imagine that I have discovered the "Ultima Thule" in the arrangement and construction of barns, but because we wish to direct the attention of the farmers of Maine to a subject of such primary importance; and also elicit the views and opinions of others who have reflected upon the subject, and take a lively interest in the advancement of Maine farming.

We would premise, in the first place, that the site for a barn should be dry; and if not so naturally, it should be properly drained. This proposition, we think, must be readily commended to the good sense of all who have personally attended to the duties pertaining to the barn, that we shall not take up time in enforcing it by reasons; they must be apparent.

The site, if possible, should be one with a southerly aspect, protected by hills or woods from the direct blasts of the north winds. In connection with this, if your site will readily allow of the introduction of a proper supply of good water for the use of stock, by means of aqueduct pipes, it may be regarded as complete. The supply of water, however, may be obtained, in default of this natural facility, by means of the hydraulic ram—a machine destined to prove of untold wealth to the farmer.

The next subject to be considered, is the proper material for building. Perhaps the suggestion of any other material for barns than that now in universal use among us, may strike many with surprise; and yet we all know that parts of Europe are in general use in many parts of Europe. I also know, from my own observation, that such barns are not uncommonly met with, among the farmers of German descent, in Pennsylvania. It was also my good fortune, during a journey in Massachusetts, last year, to call on a gentleman named Williams, residing in Taunton, near the banks of the river of the same name, who had a stone barn, built of the common field stones of the country, which, from its simplicity, durability and cheapness, strongly impressed me.

This barn was forty feet long, and thirty feet wide, with walls fifteen feet high. The walls were four feet thick at the foundation, and from eighteen inches to twenty-four inches thick at the top.

This building had then stood several years, and looked as though it might endure for centuries to come. Two of the sides of this building had been pointed with mortar; the other two sides presented the appearance of a huge stone wall, somewhat similar to the stone fences in Maine, although perhaps laid with a little more regularity. The owner assured me, that the cost of laying up these walls, (after the stone was hauled), did not exceed thirty dollars for the barn. This, of course, did not include the labor of the men.

Now I am satisfied that there are many places in our own State where stone may be advantageously substituted for wood, in building barns. But, let this matter be as it may, I cannot help recommending that the basement story be constructed of stone, with a high bank on the north side at least, like a cellar. This, if well constructed, will form a cheaper and better shed than can be made of wood, for the same money.

It will also form a receptacle for the droppings of the cattle, muck from the swamp, leaves from the forest, the wash of the sink, and all other refuse calculated to increase the volume and value of the manure heap. This cellar, on its least exposed side, should have an opening sufficient for the ingress and egress of a cart.

This cellar, when closed by an opening sufficient for the ingress and egress of a cart, should be closed when expedient by a suitable door. It should also contain a spacious trough of water for the use of the stock. This would be a sufficient warm place for cattle, even in our coldest weather; manure and pulverized muck would continue unfrozen; and the industrious farmer might continue the labors of his laboratory through that long season of comparative idleness, the months of winter, where now the ice-caking places his stern veto.

Again, on the other hand, who can tell the amount of fodder which might be saved, if stored were kept through the winter at that degree of temperature which reason and experience demonstrate to be most conducive to their comfort and growth? We have heard it urged that it was too effeminate to provide for cattle, shelters secure from frost; and that it was better to let them hang about in the snow and cold, and grow tough. But, in the first place, to toughen them in this way, costs too much. And, as these cattle are not expected to run wild in our climate, and live like the moose, by their own unaided efforts, but are subjected to domestication for our profit, we should take all reasonable pains to supply them with such shelter and food as will be conducive to their comfort and consequent thrift, that ultimately they may be the means of adding to our own.

With a little calculation, we think that every one may see, that in most situations, a suitable cellar can be constructed under a barn at less cost, than a shed or sheds of the same capacity. Every one knows that the roof of a barn or shed costs more than the walls, foot compared with foot; and also that the roof and walls of a shed cost much more, in proportion to its capacity, than the roof and walls of a barn. By making a shed of your cellar, it is estimated at a cost but little if any greater than that of building a stone fence of a similar length. Now, the usual cost of building heavy stone wall in the country, is one dollar per rod, of five feet in height. The length of cellar wall for a barn, 40 by 30, would

be near \$4 rods, costing as many dollars. Now, as the wall would need an additional height of three feet, (making eight feet in the whole), we think it would be a sufficiently liberal allowance, in most locations, to call the cost of building this wall, \$17; add the cost of pointing with mortar, and it could not be estimated in the whole, (exclusive of the excavation, which, in most cases, would be very trifling,) at more than \$25. Now, farmers of Maine, can you build a framed shed of this size, even in the most ordinary manner, for this sum? Can you construct it for double the money?

I know that with many minds, the word stone, in connection with building, instantly conjures up a costly and magnificent array of split granite, &c.; but I believe that because the building material is stone, it does not necessarily imply huge blocks of granite, (although in some localities it will be preferable to use them,) which are only at the command of the wealthy, but may also be applied to designate those humble structures, built of the rough, unheaven fragments which are scattered broadcast over our fields and pastures, with so liberal a hand.

In the arrangement of the upper portion of the barn, we should prefer to have the main floor, on to which the hay and grain was to be carted, raised to a height proportioned to the height of the walls. For instance, if the entrance is at the end, and immediately at one side, (and in most cases, we think this preferable,) the load of hay should come well up into the roof, that the process of unloading, in good hay weather, when help is scarce and dear, may be expedited, by throwing it down instead of pitching it up—thus saving many dollars in the season to the farmer who cuts forty or fifty tons of hay. By arranging this main floor upon one side, you have the advantage of possessing one large row instead of two small ones; and consequently have thereby, actually increased the capacity of your barn. I prefer to have the lean to the basement, cattle head to the wall, a wide crib, and a passage at the side of the barn floor to put down the fodder.

I hope others will give us their opinions on this subject, compare notes, and adopt the best.

II.

For the Farmer.

ORGANIC MANURE. No. 7.

Organic matter embraces all substances which have been endowed with life and elaborated by living organs, hence termed organic. They have been formed from the four (strictly speaking) organic elements, and the assimilation of a variety of inorganic elements, which may hereafter be alluded to. The great difference in the two classes consists in the destructibility of the former and the indestructibility of the latter, by heat, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen; and the vegetable products are divided into two grand divisions, viz.: nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous. The latter consists of carbon, and oxygen and hydrogen in their equivalents to form water, or nearly equal parts of carbon, and water, with important traces of inorganic elements, amounting to from one to ten per cent. of their structure. Of this class are wood, fibre, starch, gum, sugar, &c., &c., which contain no nitrogen.

The smaller division, containing nitrogen, are gluten, albumen, &c. These are all dissolved by heat, and the goal of their dissolution is carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and water, into which they are resolved as a starting point for a new generation. Decomposition effected by fire, atmosphere, fermentation and putrefaction, or any other form, terminates the same. The object of the farmer in manipulating his manure is to produce this result, thereby furnishing vegetable food.

All carbonaceous substances dissolving, unite with oxygen, forming carbonic acid gas; and all nitrogenous substances, dissolving, unite with hydrogen, forming ammonia. All substances, when life ceases, commence chemical change, and by the operations of nature are broken down and scattered over the face of the earth, their decomposition carried to a certain stage, where it is checked by the wise design of the great Author, and held in an insoluble mass, to be artificially operated upon for the benefit of vegetation. This substance is termed humus, vegetable mould, muck, peat, insoluble glue, &c. This substance, in all past time, has been considered important in rendering the soil productive. Its peculiar properties and elements have been a matter of much speculation, and can hardly be said to be well understood at the present day.

Leibig, Dana and others have thrown much light upon it, but it is so multifarious in its forms and combinations, that it is difficult to give any definite rules for its treatment. In the form of muck, its vegetable properties resemble cow dung, but it contains more or less silicious and argillaceous matter, humic, ulmic, and a great variety of other vegetable acids, and may contain nitrogenous matter in a fixed state. It may be used to great advantage as a divisor for highly concentrated and nitrogenous substances and alkalis. It is questionable whether any treatment yet known is better than the salt and lime mixture recommended by Prof. Mapes; saturation with highly concentrated liquor from the manure vat before using; or composting it well with barn manure. Each form will wake up its dormant powers and perfect its decomposition; and put into a well drained, deep ploughed and pulverulent soil, in favorable temperature, it is in condition to put in the seed, and the principle of life will speak into existence (I say speak into existence, because no other definition has been given) a substance called diastase, that commences the chemical change by fermentation, converting the substance of the seed into nutriment to supply the germ, enabling it to send out its radicles in search of mineral supplies, and to support the rising stalk; and being enveloped in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas and ammonia, from which its organic waste are supplied, it rises, breaks ground, leaves out, and feeds from the great organic storehouse of nature, (the atmosphere,) every new leaf and fibre adding another mound, lung and stomach to the structure.

Bangor, Jan. 16th, 1852.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND. Mr. Bristol, grandson of Mr. Astor, who was sent to England for education, names the expenditures of a student at an English University at \$2,500 a year, and likelier to reach \$4,000.

MARTIN MOVER.

TEA. The value of the tea imported into the United States, last year was four and three-quarters millions of dollars.

He who has good health is young; he is rich who owns nothing; and he is happy who takes a good newspaper.

"ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD."

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to admit—'Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind; 'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam, And no worse for the heart, if remembered at home! If scandal, or calumny, be raised 'gainst a friend, Be the last to believe it—the first to defend! Say to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold That 'one story's good till another is told!'

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song The tide of good fortune still speeds him along; But give me the heart that true sympathy shows, And sings to a measure, whatever wind blows; And says—when separation, misadventure, grows bold—Wait—'one story's good till another is told!'

Written for the Maine Farmer.

A MODEL FARM, EMIGRATION, &c. No. 1.

Mr. Editor.—Your correspondent for Down East, and near the jumping off place, has given us some very useful hints. I like to hear our farmers speak out and manifest an interest in their own welfare, which is the welfare of the State. If we don't look out for ourselves, and speak out too, other interests will crowd themselves in before ours, forever, as they always have hitherto. It is of the first importance that the best variety of products, whether vegetable or animal, that it is worth while to grow or raise, should be procured. In neat cattle, sheep, swine and fowls, the best stock is of incalculable importance. A little calculation will show, all other things being equal and favorable, it will make the difference between a rich and a poor man in thirty years.

In the animals and birds I have before mentioned, size, constitution, aptitude to take on flesh and fat, are qualities especially to be sought for. In the horse the main qualities are docility, strength, endurance, activity and sure-footedness. Size is a matter of no consequence, only as it has relation to strength and keep. Horses, beyond a certain number limited by the actual wants of the community for service, are worth nothing, and less, to the amount of the value of the food they consume and the hostler's labor in taking care of them, however perfect in all their qualities. Were all the horses in the United States equal to the one raised from the New York mare which your correspondent speaks of, they would not probably be worth much more than the present stock of inferior horses.

In principle, the value of the horse at maturity is the value of the food he has consumed and the value of the hostler's labor in tending him, added to what you gave for the use of the sire, if anything; after that add the value of his services less his keep, the hostler's labor, the shoe bills, and insurance on cost at maturity. For a few years insurance is moderate, then it increases rapidly and his services as rapidly diminish, till the first cost or prime value is consumed. In other words, your colt was worth nothing but his skin, and your old horse, or rather dead horse, is worth nothing but his skin; and however perfect he may be, he can never pay his costs nor any part of it, excepting to such persons as need some service of him that the boys or oxen can't do, and the Railroad can't reach. That portion of our citizens who team at long distances on the road, stage owners, express wagon drivers, and some others, make them pay, perhaps; and so do that large and hopeful class of citizens who make their living by horse-jockeying. The horse is indeed a splendid animal, and a beautiful accommodation; and every farmer needs at least one good one, and should keep one (and keep it well) if he can afford to. But a farmer's team should be oxen and steers, and as many of them as he can keep fat and sleek, having due regard for his dairy and sheep fold. In some portions of our State, horses may be raised for the market to a certain extent, and if the very best breeds are secured, having regard for the purposes for which you intend them, (a matter to be thought of before the incipient steps for the foal are taken, for mistakes here cannot be well rectified afterwards,) they may be profitably raised; but let them, by all means, be sold as they come to maturity, or a little before, if you can. Generally speaking, as a farm stock I don't think much of them. Our railroad facilities, contrary to the general expectation, have increased the demand for horses; and for two varieties, the docile, active roaster, and the sure, powerful draft. Breed one or the other, or both, but don't mix them, and so fall of either, and spoil the sale.

But our population is migratory, our young men particularly, are discontented, and many of them have gone, and more are going to the west, especially to California. All who go to the land of gold, as a general remark, may be set down as lost to the State. The few that do well, as we say, that is acquire wealth, might come back—may come back. The great majority cannot come; or if they could it would be in as bad condition compared with that of their departure as the French army exhibited on its return from Moscow. And so far as the State is concerned, the few who suddenly acquire wealth had better stay away. The more we hear of that class of returning Californians the worse for us. Their habits of industry, if they ever had any, are gone; they are good for nothing themselves, and only serve to corrupt others, and disquiet the land.

We should be better off as a State to send the means of bringing back such as have failed to get gold, if they have preserved their health, morals and industry, than to have all the successful adventurers return without them, loaded with gold. If the successful, with all their gold, and the unsuccessful in their present condition, and their many dead companions—could all return, it might be such an exhibition as would deter others from going. But I have digressed from what I was intending to say.

If every person in the family circle would take as much pains to please the other members of it, as he does to please strangers, then would home be truly what it should, the birth place of all true and enduring affections.

TEA. The value of the tea imported into the United States, last year was four and three-quarters millions of dollars.

He who has good health is young; he is rich who owns nothing; and he is happy who takes a good newspaper.

SHORT HORN OXEN FOR LABOR.

Samuel W. Bartlett of East Windsor, Conn., gives the following in the New York Farmer, as his view and experience on the subject of short horn oxen for labor.

It has been a prevalent idea among many farmers throughout the country, that Short Horn Oxen, were, in their nature unfit for labor. Now, sir, it is not the object of this communication to depreciate other breeds; each have their peculiar merits. In this region of country, oxen are used almost wholly for farm labor, and it is one great

good account at last. The valley of Connecticut River, is well calculated to produce large, thrifty animals, with strong constitutions, and the demand for large, well matched, well trained, oxen, has induced many farmers to turn their attention in that direction. It is now about twenty-five years since Short Horn Bulls were introduced into East Windsor; there were strong prejudices to be overcome, but the Short Horns have been gradually gaining ground, and it is now admitted, by all who have given them an impartial trial at labor, that they are not easily excelled in the yoke. I speak of grade animals, as but few pure bloods are brought to the yoke. Short Horn Steers should be brought into the team while young, and they should not be allowed to get too fleshy, as this will impede their traveling. It is a principle of vital importance in heavy draught

The Muse.

From the Living Age.

SONG OF THE NORTH WIND.

I come from the fields of the frozen North,
O'er the waste of the trackless sea,
Where the winter sun looks weary forth,
And yieldeth his strength to me;
As I mount o'er the hills and gather my might,
With the roar of the hurricane,
Loud sweeping in wrath by day and night,
Over the ice-bound main.

From the awful Steppes of the Scythian wild,
Where the lightning plays,
O'er the frowning peaks of glaciers piled,
I send my stormy way;
Where the lightest touch of my blasting breath
Plays over the withered branch,
And the eagle screams from the cry of death,
In the fearful Avalanche.

On the lofty heights of the Daurian plain,
I sit on my regal throne,
Where my snowy torrents look out o'er the main
On the waste of the Arctic zone;
Alone—alone, in my might I dwell,
Where a human foot ne'er trod,
Where a human voice ne'er broke the spell
Lying bound o'er the icy sod.

I breathe in my wrath o'er the burning forge,
Where the lightning plays,
Till the lava rolls o'er the mountain gorge,
And fuses and fuses melt;
Till the fiery arm of Vulcan yields,
To the might of my threatening roar,
And the red flames flash o'er the blooming fields
And the light of the sandal shore.

As I sweep through the hollow caves I sweep,
Where the giant arm of Thor,
Shakes his gleaming spear o'er the raging deep,
And merrily his steeds to war;
Then I blow my horn as the thunder rolls
Through the depths of the lurid sky,
And the wild waves foam, and the sea-bells toll
To my voice as it passes by.

In the lonely halls where Odia dwells,
In his palace of kingliness,
I see from the chair of his magic spells,
And e'er by day and night;
I sit at the board where Heracles fell,
Where the blood flowed like the wine,
And the white spears clashed with the wild war yell
'Neath the snowy archway.

Then away I bound from the Halls of Death,
Where the beautiful Lotos flows,
And wave the wand of my jagged breath,
O'er the banks of the Styx below;
And the pillar toll and fair,
With many a quaint device,
Springs up in the grace of its beauty rare—
A column of fretted ice.

Oh the earth is calm in its silent rest,
When the south wind, soft and free,
Floats up like a cloud from the vineyard's brest,
Of the glowing Araby;
From the land where the myrtle and cypress wave
In the breath of the perfumed shore;
And the daffodil breeze, where their waters lave,
Keeps time to the golden oar.

The earth is fair where the West wind blows,
When the veiled birds are mute;
And sighs through the trees at evening's close,
To the tone of a minstrel's lute;
When the breeze of the sea from the purple dome,
O'er the sunny South is shed,
And the peasant brings to his cottage home
The vintage ripe and red.

But the earth is dark where my feet have trod;
I twine no flowery wreath;
In the track of my path lies a blasted sod,
And the waste of a barren heath;
O'er the yellowed waves of wailing rain,
In my gloom strength I ride,
And blackened and cold lies dead on the plain,
To the wealth of its golden pride.

The mariner sighs, for his heart is light,
When the South wind fills his sail,
And the good ship flies o'er the waters bright,
To the breath of the favoring gale;
But his song shall be of a weeping surge,
Of waves dashed mountain high,
When I shout o'er the ship its deathly dirge
To a monstrous sea and sky.

When the rattling hail o'er the icy shroud,
Is poured o'er the deep from the angry cloud,
In the torments thick and fast;
When the air-spirits shriek thro' the howling storm,
And the water-falls below
Bear away to their home the mariner's form,
Through the blackened waters flow.

Then, crowned with my shadowy laurel,
To my home—the snow-capped peak,
As the eagle returns to his rock o'er the sea,
With the cry in his blood-croaked beak;
The requiem bell from the coast is rung,
As I sweep o'er the ocean's dead,
And I hear the low chant by the choristers sung
For the lost of the sainted dead.

And I come not again till my banners fall,
And my stormy course is done;
Till the harvest is gone from the sunny glade,
Where floated the reapers' hymn—
Till the winter sun looks weary forth,
And yieldeth his strength to me—
Then I sweep again from the frozen North,
O'er the waste of the trackless sea.

The Story-Teller.

From the National Era.

JENNY LAWSON.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

[CONCLUDED.]

A week after Mark Clifford left Fairview, word came that he had enlisted in the United States service and gone to sea as a common sailor. Accompanying this intelligence was an indignant avowal of his father that he would have nothing more to do with him.

To Mr. Mark Clifford this was a serious blow. In Mark he had hoped to see realized some of his ambitious desires. His daughter Jenny had been happy in her marriage, but the union never gave him the satisfaction he had hoped for. She was the wife of one more distinguished than a mere plodding, money-making merchant.

Painful was the shock that accompanied the pronouncement of Mr. Mark Clifford's intention of leaving the bulk of his property when he died. But now, anger and resentment rose in his mind against him as unworthy such a preference, and in the warmth of the moment's impulse he corrected his will and cut him off with a dollar. This was no sooner done than better emotions stirred in the old man's bosom, and he regretted the hasty act; but pride of consistency prevented his recalling it.

From that time, old Mr. Clifford broke down rapidly. In six months he seemed to have added ten years to his life. During that period no news had come from Mark; who was not only angry with both his father and grandfather, but felt that, in doing what he had done, he had defied his father, having taken a rash step, moved on in the way he had chosen. The ties of blood which had bound him to his home were broken; and the world was all before him, and he must make his way in it alone.

The life of a common sailor, in a government ship, he found to be something different from what he had imagined, when, acting under a momentary excitement, he was so mad as to enlist in the service. Unused to work or ready obedience, he soon discovered that his life was to be one not only of bodily toil, pushed sometimes to the extreme of fatigue, but of the most perfect subordination to the will of others, under

the impulse. I have other things to say to you! Since our meeting I have never ceased to think of you. I need no picture of your face, for I see it ever before me as distinctly as if sketched by the painter's art. I sometimes ask myself wonderingly, how it is that you, a simple country maid, could in one or two brief meetings, have made so strong an impression upon me! But you bore my mother's name, and your face was like her dear face. Moreover, the beauty of goodness was in your countenance, and a sphere of innocence around you; and I had not strayed so far from virtue's paths as to be insensible to these. Since we parted, Jenny, you have seemed ever present with me, as an angel of peace and protection. In the moment when passion was about overmastering me, you stood by my side, and I seemed to hear your voice speaking to the rising storm and hushing all into calmness. When my feet have been ready to step aside, you instantly approached and pointed to the better way. Last night I had a dream, and it is because of that dream that I now write to you. I have often felt like writing before; now I write because I cannot help it. I am moved to do so by something that I cannot resist.

Yesterday I had a difficulty with an officer who has shown a disposition to dominate over me ever since the cruise commenced. He complained to the commander, who has in more than one instance shown me kindness. The commander said that I must make certain concessions to the officer, which I felt as humiliating; that to do discipline required this, and unless I did so he would be reluctantly compelled to order me to the gangway. Thus far I have avoided punishment by a strict obedience to duty. No lash has ever touched me. That degradation I felt would be too much, and in fear of the result I bore much, rather than give any petty officer the power to have me punished. Let me sleep over it, Captain, said I, so earnestly, that my request was granted.

Troubled dreams haunted me as I lay in my hammock that night. At last I seemed to be afloat on the wide ocean, on a single plank, tossing about with the hot sun shining fiercely upon me, and monsters of the deep great gathering around eager for their prey. I was weak, faint, and despairing. In vain did my eyes sweep the horizon, there was neither vessel nor land in sight. At length the sun went down, and the darkness drew nearer and nearer. Then I could see nothing but the stars shining above me. In this moment, when hope seemed about leaving my heart forever, a light came suddenly around me. On looking up I saw a boat approaching. In the bow stood my mother, and you sat guiding the helm! She took my hand, and I stepped into the boat with a thrill of joy at my deliverance. As I did so, she kissed me, looked tenderly towards you, and faded from my sight. Then I awoke.

The effect of all this was to subdue my haughty spirit. As soon as an opportunity offered, I made every desired concession, for my fault, and was forgiven. And now I am writing to you, I feel as if there was something in that dream, Jenny. Ah! shall I ever see your face again! Heaven only knows!

I send this letter to you in care of my grandfather. I know that he will not retain it or seek to know its contents. Unless he should ask what I do not speak to him or any one of what I have written to you. Farewell! Do not forget me in your prayers. MARK CLIFFORD.

The effect of this letter upon Jenny was to interest her intensely. The swell of emotion went deeper, and the activity of her mind took a still higher character. It was plain to her, when she next came into Mr. Lawson's presence, that his thoughts had been busy about the letter she had received. But he asked her no questions, and faithful to the expressed wish of Mark, she made no reference to the subject whatever.

One part of Jenny's service to the failing old man, had been to read to him daily from the newspapers. This made her familiar with what was passing in the world, gave her food for the intellect, and helped her to develop and strengthen her mind. Often had she pored over the papers for some news of Mark, but never having heard the name of the vessel in which he had gone to sea, she had possessed no clue to find what she had sought for. But now, whenever a paper was opened, her first search was for naval intelligence. With what a thrill of interest did she read one day, a week after Mark's letter came to hand, read an announcement that the ship ———— had been ordered home, and might be expected to arrive daily at Norfolk.

A woman thinks quickly to a conclusion; or rather arrives there by a process quicker than thought; especially where her conclusions are to affect a beloved object. In an hour after Jenny had read the fact just stated, she said to Mr. Lawson, who had now come to be much attached to her—

"Will you grant me a favor?"

"Ask what you will, my child," replied Mr. Lawson, with more than usual affection in his tones.

"Let me have fifty dollars!"

"Certainly. I know you will use it for a good purpose."

Two days after this Jenny was in Washington. She made the journey alone, but without timidity or fear. Her purpose made her self possessed and courageous. On arriving at the seat of government, Jenny inquired for the Secretary of the Navy. When she arrived at the Department over which he presided, and obtained an interview, she said to him, as soon as she could compose herself—

"The ship ———— has been ordered home from the Pacific?"

"She arrived at Norfolk last night, and is now hourly expected at the Navy Yard," replied the Secretary.

At this intelligence, Jenny was so much affected that it was some time before she could utter a word.

"You have a brother on board?" said the Secretary.

"There is a young man on board," replied Jenny, in a tremulous voice, "for whose discharge I have come to ask."

The Secretary looked grave.

"At whose instance do you come?" he inquired.

"Solely at my own."

"Who is the young man?"

"Do you know Marshall Lofton?"

"I do, by reputation, well. He belongs to a distinguished family in New York, to which the country owes much for service rendered in trying times."

"The discharge I ask, is for his grandson."

"Young Clifford, do you mean?" The Secretary looked surprised as he spoke. "He is not in the service."

"He is on board the ship ———— as a common sailor."

"Impossible!"

"It is too true. In a moment of angry disappointment he took the rash step. And since then, no communication has passed between him and his friends."

The Secretary turned to the table near which he was sitting, and after writing a few lines on a piece of paper, rang a small hand bell for the messenger, who came in immediately.

"Take this to Mr. ———, and bring me an answer immediately."

The messenger left the room, and the Secretary said to Jenny—

"Wait a moment or two, if you please."

In a little while the messenger came back and handed the Secretary a memorandum from the clerk to whom he had sent for information.

"There is no such person as Clifford on board the ship ————, nor, in fact, in the service, as a common sailor," said the Secretary, addressing Jenny after glancing at the memorandum he had received.

"Oh, yes, there is; there must be," exclaimed the now agitated girl. "I received a letter from him at Valparaiso, dated on board of this ship. And besides, he wrote home to his father, at the time he sailed, declaring what he had done."

"Strange. His name doesn't appear in the Department as attached to the service. Mark!—There's a gun. It announces in all probability, the arrival of the ship ———— at the Navy Yard."

Jenny instantly became pale.

"Perhaps," suggested the Secretary, "your best way will be to take a carriage and drive at once to the Navy Yard. Shall I direct the messenger to call a carriage for you?"

"I will thank you to do so," replied Jenny, faintly.

The carriage was soon at the door. Jenny was much agitated when she arrived at the Navy Yard. To her question as to whether the ship ———— had arrived, she was pointed to a large vessel which lay moored at the dock. How she mounted its sides she hardly knew; but in what seemed scarcely an instant of time, she was standing on the deck. To an officer who met her, as she stepped on board, she asked for Mark Clifford.

"What is he? A sailor or marine?"

"A sailor."

"There is no such person on board, I believe," said the officer.

Poor Jenny staggered back a few paces while a deadly paleness overspread her face. As she leaned against the side of the vessel for support, a young man dressed as a sailor, ascended from the lower deck. Their eyes met, and both sprung towards each other.

"Jenny! Jenny! it is you!" fell passionately from his lips, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her fervently. "Bless you! Bless you! Jenny! This is more than I had hoped for. He added as he gazed fondly into her beautiful young face.

"They said you were not here," murmured Jenny, "and my heart was in despair."

"You asked for Mark Clifford?"

"Yes."

"I am not known in the service by that name, I entered it as Edward James."

This meeting occurred as it did, with many spectators around, and they of the ruder class, was so earnest and tender, yet with all, so mutually respectful and courteous, that even the rough sailors were touched by the manner and sentiment of the interview, and more than one eye grew dim.

Not long did Jenny linger on the deck of the ————. Now that she had found Mark, her next thought was to secure his discharge.

While old Mr. Lofton was yet wondering what Jenny could have with fifty dollars, a servant came and told him that she had just heard from a neighbor who came up a little while before from the landing, that he had seen Jenny go on board of a steamboat that was on its way to New York. "It can't be so," quickly answered Mr. Lofton. "Tell Henry to go to Mr. Jones and ask him to step over and see me."

In due time Mr. Jones came. "Are you certain that you saw Jenny Lawson go on board the steamboat for New York, to-day?" asked Mr. Lofton.

"Oh, yes; it was her," replied the man.

"Did you speak to her?"

"No, sir."

"Strange, strange—very strange!" murmured the old man, half to himself. "What does it mean? Where can she have gone?"

"Mr. Jones," said he, at length, "can you go to New York for me?"

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Jones.

"Then get yourself ready, if you please, and come over to me. I do not like this of Jenny, and must find out where she has gone."

Mr. Jones promised to do as he was desired, and went to make all necessary preparations. Before he returned, a domestic brought Mr. Lofton a sealed note bearing his address, which she had found in Jenny's chamber. It was as follows:

"Do not be alarmed at my telling you that, when you receive this, I will be on a journey of two or three hundred miles in extent, and may not return for weeks. Believe me, that my purpose is a good one. I hope to be back much sooner than I have said. When I do get home I know you will approve of what I have done. My errand is one of Mercy. Humbly and faithfully yours, JENNY."

It was some time before Mr. Lofton's mind grew calm and clear after reading this note. That Jenny's absence was, in some way connected with Mark, was a thought that soon presented itself. But in what way he could not make out; for he had never heard the name of the ship in which his grandson sailed, and knew nothing of her expected arrival home.

By the time Mr. Jones appeared, ready to start on the proposed mission to New York, Mr. Lofton had made up his mind not to attempt to follow Jenny, but to wait for some word from her. Not until this sudden separation took place did Mr. Lofton understand how necessary to his happiness the affectionate girl had become. So troubled was he at her absence, and so anxious for her safety that when night came he found himself unable to sleep. In thinking about the dangers that would gather around one so ignorant of the world, his imagination magnified the trials and temptations to which, alone as she was, she would be exposed. Such thoughts kept him tossing anxiously upon the pillow, or restlessly pacing the chamber floor until day dawned. Then from over excitement and loss of rest, he was seriously indisposed—so much so that his physician had to be called in during the day. He found him with a good deal of fever, and deemed it necessary to resort to depletion, as well as to the application of other remedies to allay the over action of his vital system. These prostrated him at once—so much so that he was unable to sit up. Before night he was so seriously ill that the physician had to be sent for again. The fever had returned with great violence, and the pressure on the brain was so great that he had become slightly delirious. During the second night this active stage of the disease continued, but all the worst symptoms subsided towards morning.

How greatly did old Mr. Lofton miss the gentle girl, who had become almost as dear to him as a child, during this brief illness, brought on by her strange absence. No hand could smooth his pillow like hers. No presence could supply her place by his side. He was companionless now that she was away; and his heart reached vainly around for something to lean upon for support.

On the fourth day he was better, and ate up a little. But his anxiety for Jenny was increasing. Where could she be? He read her brief letter over and over again.

Late on the afternoon of that day, Jenny, in company with Mark, the latter in the dress of a seaman in the United States service, passed from a steamboat at the landing near Fairview, and took their way towards the mansion of Mr. Lofton. They had not proceeded far before the

young man began to linger, while Jenny showed every disposition to press on rapidly. At length Mark stopped.

"Jenny," said he, "while a cloud settled on his face, 'you've had your own way up to this moment. I've been passive in your hands. But I can't go on with you any further.'"

"Don't say that," returned Jenny, her voice almost imploring in its tones. And in the earnestness of her desire to bring Mark back to his grandfather, she seized one of his hands, and by a gentle force drew him a few paces in the direction they had been going. But he resisted that force, and they stood still again.

"I don't think I can go back, Jenny," said Mark, in a subdued voice; "I have some pride left, much as has been crushed out of me during the period of my absence, and this rises higher and higher in my heart the nearer I approach my grandfather. How can I meet him?"

"Only come into his presence, Mark," urged Jenny, speaking tenderly and familiarly. "Only come into his presence. You need not speak to him, nor look towards him. This is all that I ask."

"But the humiliation of going back after my resentment of his former treatment," said Mark. "I can bear anything but this bending of my pride—this humbling of myself to others."

"Don't think of yourself, Mark," replied Jenny. "Think of your grandfather, on whom your absence has wrought so sad a change. Think of what he must have suffered to break down so in less than two years. In pity to him, then, come back. Be guided by me, Mark, and I will lead you right."

At this appeal Mark moved quickly forward by the side of the beautiful girl, who had so improved in every way—mind and body having developed wonderfully since he parted with her—so that he was filled all the while by wonder, respect and admiration. He moved by her side as if influenced by a spell that subdued his own will. In silence they walked along, side by side, the pressure of thought and feeling on each side being so strong as to take away the desire to speak, until the old mansion of Mr. Lofton appeared in view. Here Mark stopped again, but the tenderly uttered "Come," and the tearful glance of Jenny, effectually controlled the promptings of an unbroken will. Together, in a few minutes afterwards, they approached the house and entered.

"Where is Mr. Lofton?" asked Jenny of a servant.

"As he's been very ill," replied the servant.

"Ill? Where is he?"

"In his own chamber."

"Come," said Jenny turning to Mark, and moving towards the stairway. Mark followed willingly. On entering the chamber of Mr. Lofton they found him sleeping. Both silently approached, and looked upon his venerable face, composed in deep slumber. While they yet stood looking at him, his lips moved and he uttered both their names. Then he seemed disturbed, and moaned as if in pain.

"Grandfather!" said Mark, taking the old man's hand and bending over him.

Quickly his eyes opened. For a few moments he gazed earnestly upon Mark, and then tightening his hand upon that of the young man, closed his eyes, and murmured in a voice that deeply touched the returned wanderer—"My poor boy! Why did you do so? Why did you break my heart? But, God be thanked, you are back again."

"Jenny," said the old man, quickly, as he felt her take his other hand and press it to her lips. "And was it for this you left me? Dear child I forgive you."

As he spoke he drew her hand over towards the one that grasped that of Mark, and uniting them together, murmured—"If you love each other, it is all right. My blessing shall go with you."

How mild and delicious was the thrill that ran through each of the hearts of his auditors. This was more than they expected. Mark tightly grasped the hand that was placed within his own, and that hand gave back an answering pressure. Thus was the past reconciled with the present, while a vista was opened toward a bright future.

Little more than a year has passed since this joyful event took place. Mark Clifford, with the entire approval of his grandfather, who furnished a handsome capital for the purpose, entered, during the time, into the mercantile house of his father as a partner, and in active engaged in business, well soothed by his severe experience. He has taken a lovely bride, who is the charm of all circles into which she is introduced; and her name is Jenny. But few meet her dream that she once grew, a beautiful wild flower near the banks of the Hudson.

Old Mr. Lofton could not be separated from Jenny; and, as she could not be separated from her husband, he has removed to the city, where he has an elegant residence, in which her voice is the music, and her smiles the ever present sunshine.

CONFIDENCE IN MAN. People have generally three epochs in their confidence in man. In the first, they believe him to be everything that is good and they are lavish with their friendship and confidence. In the next, they have had experience, which has smitten down their confidence, and they then have to be careful not to mistrust every one, and to put the worst construction upon everything. Later in life, they learn that the greater number of men have much more good in them than bad, and that, even when there is cause to blame, there is more reason to pity than condemn; and then a spirit of confidence again awakens within them.

WELL ANSWERED. In the discussion on the Kosciuszko resolution, in the House, fears were expressed by some of the members that its passage would commit that body to Kosciuszko's doctrine on the question of non intervention. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, inquired whether the resolution invited Father Mathew to a seat in the hall commencing the members of Congress and the government to the cause of total abstinence. Shouts of laughter followed.

COMPARATIVES. The refuse portion of flax, when it is dressed, is tow, but a boy's pants are generally "tore."

The gent who gallants the ladies is a beau, but when his attentions become irksome he is a bore.

CONGESTED ATMOSPHERIC VAPOR is snow, but the noise produced by an asthmatic sleeper is a snore.

A large number of persons are much annoyed at snoring, especially in church.

REGULATING THE THERMOMETER. A friend says his Irish nurse girl has discovered a truly Hibernian plan for regulating the temperature of a room by the thermometer. She was told to keep the instrument in the nursery at a certain point, but on Tuesday morning her mistress found the room very cold, and the girl sitting by the stove holding the thermometer close to the fire, because, as she said, "the little spalpeen had run clear down most, and she was warming it up, and sure she'd get it most up again." Meanwhile, though the mercury was getting warm, the room wasn't. [Cleveland Herald.]

"Wait a moment or two, if you please."

In a little while the messenger came back and handed the Secretary a memorandum from the clerk to whom he had sent for information.

"There is no such person as Clifford on board the ship ————, nor, in fact, in the service, as a common sailor," said the Secretary, addressing Jenny after glancing at the memorandum he had received.

"Oh, yes, there is; there must be," exclaimed the now agitated girl. "I received a letter from him at Valparaiso, dated on board of this ship. And besides, he wrote home to his father, at the time he sailed, declaring what he had done."

"Strange. His name doesn't appear in the Department as attached to the service. Mark!—There's a gun. It announces in all probability, the arrival of the ship ———— at the Navy Yard."

Jenny instantly became pale.

"Perhaps," suggested the Secretary, "your best way will be to take a carriage and drive at once to the Navy Yard. Shall I direct the messenger to call a carriage for you?"

"I will thank you to do so," replied Jenny, faintly.

The carriage was soon at the door. Jenny was much agitated when she arrived at the Navy Yard. To her question as to whether the ship ———— had arrived, she was pointed to a large vessel which lay moored at the dock. How she mounted its sides she hardly knew; but in what seemed scarcely an instant of time, she was standing on the deck. To an officer who met her, as she stepped on board, she asked for Mark Clifford.

"What is he? A sailor or marine?"

"A sailor."

"There is no such person on board, I believe," said the officer.

Poor Jenny staggered back a few paces while a deadly paleness overspread her face. As she leaned against the side of the vessel for support, a young man dressed as a sailor, ascended from the lower deck. Their eyes met, and both sprung towards each other.

"Jenny! Jenny! it is you!" fell passionately from his lips, as he caught her in his arms and kissed her fervently. "Bless you! Bless you! Jenny! This is more than I had hoped for. He added as he gazed fondly into her beautiful young face.

"They said you were not here," murmured Jenny, "and my heart was in despair."

"You asked for Mark Clifford?"

"Yes."

"I am not known in the service by that name, I entered it as Edward James."

This meeting occurred as it did, with many spectators around, and they of the ruder class, was so earnest and tender, yet with all, so mutually respectful and courteous, that even the rough sailors were touched by the manner and sentiment of the interview, and more than one eye grew dim.

Not long did Jenny linger on the deck of the ————. Now that she had found Mark, her next thought was to secure his discharge.

While old Mr. Lofton was yet wondering what Jenny could have with fifty dollars, a servant came and told him that she had just heard from a neighbor who came up a little while before from the landing, that he had seen Jenny go on board of a steamboat that was on its way to New York. "It can't be so," quickly answered Mr. Lofton. "Tell Henry to go to Mr. Jones and ask him to step over and see me."

In due time Mr. Jones came. "Are you certain that you saw Jenny Lawson go on board the steamboat for New York, to-day?" asked Mr. Lofton.

"Oh, yes; it was her," replied the man.

"Did you speak to her?"

"No, sir."

"Strange, strange—very strange!" murmured the old man, half to himself. "What does it mean? Where can she have gone?"

"Mr. Jones," said he, at length, "can you go to New York for me?"

"I suppose so," replied Mr. Jones.

"Then get yourself ready, if you please, and come over to me. I do not like this of Jenny, and must find out where she has gone."

Mr. Jones promised to do as he was desired, and went to make all necessary preparations. Before he returned, a domestic brought Mr. Lofton a sealed note bearing his address, which she had found in Jenny's chamber. It was as follows:

"Do not be alarmed at my telling you that, when you receive this, I will be on a journey of two or three hundred miles in extent, and may not return for weeks. Believe me, that my purpose is a good one. I hope to be back much sooner than I have said. When I do get home I know you will approve of what I have done. My errand is one of Mercy. Humbly and faithfully yours, JENNY."

It was some time before Mr. Lofton's mind grew calm and clear after reading this note. That Jenny's absence was, in some way connected with Mark, was a thought that soon presented itself. But in what way he could not make out; for he had never heard the name of the ship in which his grandson sailed, and knew nothing of her expected arrival home.

By the time Mr. Jones appeared, ready to start on the proposed mission to New York, Mr. Lofton had made up his mind not to attempt to follow Jenny, but to wait for some word from her. Not until this sudden separation took place did Mr. Lofton understand how necessary to his happiness the affectionate girl had become. So troubled was he at her absence, and so anxious for her safety that when night came he found himself unable to sleep. In thinking about the dangers that would gather around one so ignorant of the world, his imagination magnified the trials and temptations to which, alone as she was, she would be exposed. Such thoughts kept him tossing anxiously upon the pillow, or restlessly pacing the chamber floor until day dawned. Then from over excitement and loss of rest, he was seriously indisposed—so much so that his physician had to be called in during the day. He found him with a good deal of fever, and deemed it necessary to resort to depletion, as well as to the application of other remedies to allay the over action of his vital system. These prostrated him at once—so much so that he was unable to sit up. Before night he was so seriously ill that the physician had to be sent for again. The fever had returned with great violence, and the pressure on the brain was so great that he had become slightly delirious. During the second night this active stage of the disease continued, but all the worst symptoms subsided towards morning.

How greatly did old Mr. Lofton miss the gentle girl, who had become almost as dear to him as a child, during this brief illness, brought on by her strange absence. No hand could smooth his pillow like hers. No presence could supply her place by his side. He was companionless now that she was away; and his heart reached vainly around for something to lean upon for support.

On the fourth day he was better, and ate up a little. But his anxiety for Jenny was increasing. Where could she be? He read her brief letter over and over again.

Late on the afternoon of that day, Jenny, in company with Mark, the latter in the dress of a seaman in the United States service, passed from a steamboat at the landing near Fairview, and took their way towards the mansion of Mr. Lofton. They had not proceeded far before the

Sabbath Reading.

For the Farmer.

TO A MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY HANNAH S. ARBOTT.

Farewell, faithful mother! Thy sorrows are ended,
From earth and its cares thou hast recently fled;
To regions of glory thy soul has ascended,
And left the frail body to sleep with the dead!

Hast thou seen thy Saviour, and bow'd down before him?
"I have, my dear children: I found him in peace,
And join'd the sweet anthem, in which angels adore him,
The song of redemption, that never shall cease.

I'll praise my dear Jesus, oh, glorious Emmanuel!
Forever and ever, the strain will be new;
I left a vain world, for celestial enjoyment,
And now, my dear children, I'm waiting for you!"

We haste, then, to meet thee, with joyful emotion!
The day is just dawning when we shall be blest!
Our bark shall glide swiftly o'er life's troubled ocean,
And enter, in triumph, the haven of rest!

TRUE EMULATION.

There is a spirit of emulation, no doubt proper and beneficial, a spirit which, while it incites one to more strenuous efforts for advancement, refines the feelings and humbles the pride of soul.

Such an emulation has its foundation in the Golden Rule. It rejoices to do good, not only to self but others. And in the good which is done to others, it sees an elevation of mind and rejoices that good must from its nature, react on others and thus continue to bless and elevate. It loves to contrast its present state with its past, and note what advancement or retrogression is being made; not as a source for pride, but as an incentive to higher and nobler attainments—for the good yet to come. Its goal is not fixed to the shores of time; nor does it look to the prize as being won for itself alone, but as something to be shared equally among all who strive faithfully to the end, and which share shall be increased in a ratio proportionate to the number so striving.

It is such a spirit as would press the individual onward and upward with a ceaseless yearning for more and greater good, though he were the only inhabitant of Earth.

But this spirit is not the one commonly met. Were our people and youth influenced by it, we might soon see our morals improved and our system of education taking a higher stand, and all classes growing steadily and surely toward moral and intellectual manhood.

[Rural New-Yorker.]

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of its chief objects to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working time. In the vital system it acts like a compensation-pond; it replenishes the spirit, the elasticity, and vigor, which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is needed for the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings bank.

The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and fails, gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly upon—the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and in the length of days and a hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings' bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath. [North British Review.]

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE. If there be one trait of character more beautiful than another, it is respect for old age. If there be one thing more deserving of reverence and respect than another, it is old age. Age gathers up the sorrows and joys of a long life, and when whitening for the tomb is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased, hope of self has ceased, and the aged before death seek to live in the rising young. They linger with the young as their spirits look beyond the grave. They hope for the young—they love the young—they labor for the young, and oh, how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their fresh warm hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life in the old. But it is said, and shame be it to our country, that disrespect and disregard for old age, is the most common vice among us. We have good old men and women among us—let us love them, and honor and cherish them. The wisdom of the aged Nestor flowed like honey. It was by respect to old age that the Spartans won their proudest triumph over the polished Assyrians.

NO ENJOYMENT FROM ILL-GOTTEN WEALTH. If a man is a fool to expect wealth by dishonest means, he is a still greater fool if he expects that wealth so acquired will afford him any enjoyment. Enjoyment, did I say? Is it possible that, in such a case, any man can expect enjoyment? What! enjoyment for you—you who have attained wealth by falsehood—by deception—by extortion—by oppression—you expect enjoyment! Listen, listen to the hearty denunciations of all honest men; to the awful imprecations of those you have injured; to the reproaches of your family, whose name you have dishonored; to the accusation of that conscience whose voice you have stifled, and to the awful thunder of that heaven whose laws you have outraged! Listen to these—these are the enjoyments that will attend your ill-gotten wealth. "He that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days; and at his end shall be a fool."

MECKNESS. How difficult to be of a meek and forgiving spirit, when deeply useful. To love an enemy, and forgive an evil speaker, is an higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves proves us to be Christians indeed. The surmises of a few credulous persons need not trouble that man who knows his cause is soon to be tried in court, and be openly acquitted. So the evil language of the times need not disturb me, since in the day of judgment "my judgment shall be brought forth as the noonday."

Be not ashamed to be, or to be esteemed poor in this world; for he that hears God teaching him